



Bishop's Visit Honors School



G. Forlenza looks on while Janet Kelly kisses Bishop's ring.

On January 11, Catherine McAuley Commercial High School was honored by the visit of Bishop Charles R. Mulrooney, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn and pastor of St. Jerome's Parish in which McAuley is situated.

The ordinary class schedule was followed, but the expectant buzz of voices throughout the halls made it evident that this particular Monday would not be as dreary as the day following a holiday usually is.

The Bishop arrived before the start of the eighth period. Immediately his warm and engaging personality put everyone at her ease. Just in time to witness the changing classes, Bishop Mulrooney commented on the girls' excellent conduct. After a brief tour of the classrooms, he spoke casually with the girls over the public address system injecting a little humor, thus gaining their complete confidence and attention. In his speech, the Bishop first of all complimented the Sisters and teachers for their unceasing efforts and secondly, the students themselves, for their apparent appreciation of these endeavors. He then continued to outline, very generally the benefits of a good education and the importance of the role woman plays in the world today, closing with the hope that each McAuleyan will forever live up to the high standards we, as Catholics should live by.

As he was leaving, Bishop Mulrooney expressed his deep edification at having seen McAuley during a regular school session with the sincere prayer that his second visit would be in the very near future.

McAuley Scientists Vie for Prizes

Every Friday afternoon the Science Club meets under the capable direction of Sister Mary Fabian. Assisted by Judith Osborn and Ruthann Donahue, president and vice-president respectively, Sister encourages and aids the girls in performing experiments which are both enlightening and captivating.

Besides this work in the lab, each member is presently writing a report on some particular field of science which interests her.

For the second half of the school year, every girl will construct a project, such as building her own radio or telegraph cable. Plans even include the building of a replica of the Panama Canal complete with water, to demonstrate how ships pass from one level to another through the locks. In May, a prize will be given to the girl with the most original idea and the best creative ability.

The Science Club has recently attended a Career Conference at St. John's University where lectures were given on different phases of the scientific world. In the future, Sister hopes to visit the Squibb Laboratory in New Jersey and the Brookhaven Laboratory on Long Island.

All girls who are interested in future scientific developments are invited to join this enterprising group.

Annual Retreat Begins New Term

The annual retreat, an event which is always welcomed by each McAuleyan, was scheduled to be given on January 27, 28, and 29 by Very Reverend Francis X. Fitzgibbon and by Reverend Joseph Towers.

The purpose of the retreat is to give each student a chance to do some spiritual housecleaning, and to remove from her soul any obstacle which could keep her from God's grace.

With that thought in mind, Msgr. Fitzgibbon, pastor of Christ the King Church in Springfield Gardens, L. I., tried to instill in the Senior group, through his conferences, clear ideas on Creation, Faith, Hope, the Redemption, and on Our Lady's role as Co-Redemptrix.

Sisters of Mercy Staff New High School

During the week of Jan. 13, Bishop Mc Entegart announced the Brooklyn Diocesan Building Program for the construction of five high schools, two of which are to house both boys and girls.

Each of these new projects will aid tremendously in the increase of Catholic education. Included in this program is Mater Christi, to be staffed by our own Sisters of Mercy. This honor was accorded to them for their untiring efforts and their capabilities of filling the position in the education field.

A Crusade of Prayer for the success of the endeavor was also initiated by Bishop Mc Entegart. In this announcement, the Memorare was designated as the official campaign prayer and was asked to be recited as often as possible by all the faithful. The Bishop expressed too, the hope that many Catholic families who are already in the habit of reciting the family rosary might include as a special intention the success of the building program as well as prayers for future administrators.



Very Rev. Francis X. Fitzgibbon chats with S. Fonterosa and H. Pike following the three-day retreat.

THE MCAULEYAN

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Catherine McAuley High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February, 1960

Raffle Aids Statue Fund

At the last Senior Assembly, our principal, Mother Mary Eustace, assisted by Georgine Whyte and Patricia Fagan, president and vice-president respectively of the French Club, conducted the annual raffle sponsored by this club.

A green and white embroidered table cloth with napkins was won by Leonora Brock in the 3A1, and a brocade evening bag with cosmetic set enclosed was won by Alice McDonald of 3A4.

Madame Clark, as well as her French Club members, deserves much credit for the untiring efforts to make this drive such a success.

With the money from the drive, a marble statue of the Blessed Mother, to be imported from Italy, will be purchased. This statue will be placed in McAuley's chapel.

SENIORS DANCE IN WONDERLAND

Couples Glide to Music of Rhythm Ramblers

A "Red Letter" night in the social calendar for one hundred and ninety seniors of Catherine McAuley High School and their escorts was the Senior Dance held in the gym on December 11.

The gym, which was the scene of turmoil for three days preceding the happy event, showed gallantly the efforts of the Senior class officials and their artistic assistants. The gym was beautifully decorated. The Christmas-winter motif in royal blue, gleaming snow flakes and old fashioned sleighs, formed a picturesque backdrop for the colorful silks and satins worn by the girls. The tuneful music furnished by the Rhythm Ramblers was instrumental in stepping up the tempo of the occasion. The galaxy of color as the dancers whirled around the floor would have excited the artistic eye of any Rembrandt or DaVinci.

During the musical intermission the girls had an opportunity to chat with their fellow classmates and introduce their escorts to the faculty present. The refreshments were served by the chic and attractive juniors who acted as hostesses for the occasion. These girls are to be highly complimented for the pleasant and efficient manner in which they catered to the refreshment needs of those present.

As an added attraction, two musical numbers, "On the Street Where You Live" and "If I Loved You," rendered by Dorothy Miller, were very well received and heartily applauded.

The climax of the evening was finally reached when the strains of "Good Night Sweetheart" were played by the orchestra. The girls and their escorts then reluctantly wended their way homeward with sweet memories of a night not easily to be forgotten and thoughts uppermost in all minds to use an old cliché "A good time was had by all."

Glee Club Steps Out

As a reward for outstanding extra-curricular activity, the members of the Senior Glee Club will be privileged to attend the Metropolitan Opera House on March 16. Accompanying the girls will be their moderator, Sister Mary Esther.

The opera they are to see is Mozart's comedy, "Don Giovanni," based on the legend of Don Juan.

In preparation for the performance the Glee Club will listen to the music and discuss the plot of the opera.



The editors of the MCAULEYAN smile happily at the Senior Dance.

PRESS CLUB ANNOUNCES CONTEST WINNERS

The winners of the Short Story Contest sponsored by the Press Club have been announced. They are Rosalie Wisniewski, 4B1, in the Senior Division, and Marilyn Wassal, 2B2, in the Junior Section.

Entrance was open to the entire student body. To retain fairness, it was necessary to have separate classifications: the Junior group for Freshmen and Sophomores, the Senior for Juniors and Seniors. Prizes to be awarded to the two winners will be in the form of keys engraved with their names and respective divisions.

The stories were judged on the basis of content, originality, and grammatical structure. Entries were all marked with numbers, the names of the entrants appearing only on the application form bearing the corresponding digit.

The final choice was made by Sister Mary Eugene, moderator of the club, after the field had been narrowed down by the Senior editorial staff of *The McAuleyan*. The English teachers also aided by submitting the best selections from their respective classes.

Now, as the contest closes, the Press Club wishes to express a very sincere "Thank You" to all the participants who through their efforts and support made it such a success.

McAuleyans Interview Celebrity

The famed Palace Theatre on Broadway and 47th Street in Manhattan was the scene of a mass press conference held on January 23 for Mr. Harry Belafonte.

The entertainer, presently playing to record crowds at the theatre, spoke to those present on the place of youth in our modern world and then graciously submitted to answering questions from the audience. He touched on such topics as his youth and married life, his political beliefs, a recent European tour, integration and show business in general.

Representing the *McAuleyan* were Metrodora Evagelatos, Pat Donnelly, and Lena Bishop.

'After School World'

Wandering about the school each day, sometime after regular sessions have ceased, one cannot help but notice the friendly atmosphere and fulfilled activities which prevail. How much together and a part of one another everyone seems to be, tied securely with the bonds of friendship and enjoying both the work and the fun entailed in their respective clubs. A completely different world exists, one in which the students become Scientists-EXTRAordinary, Spanish linguists, eager Mathematicians and, of course, **star reporters**; they are the decorators working incessantly to transform the gym into a ballroom; they are the boosters at the McAuley basketball games, cheering the vibrant players on to victory; they are the people who give unselfishly of their time to help a cause—these are the people who are doing a most important job, that of toiling for the betterment of something which has become a part of themselves, this something, **their school**.

Do the majority of McAuleyans take part in these afternoon gatherings? NO. It is hard to believe but true that many run out of school at the first chance, dash out the door and forget for a short while this sturdy, adamant structure on Foster Avenue, forget until they open the door once again the next morning unaware of the happenings about them and subsequently not interested or merely indifferent to others' efforts.

It is very sad to think of what we miss when we attend school from just nine to three. This, of course, is all that is required of us, but we learn so much more during the ensuing hours. We learn that we are individuals, ready to contribute a part of ourselves—our God-given talents, we feel a sweet sense of belonging and being genuinely needed to do a job. We sense, above all, that we, ourselves, are doing something, if only a little to the success of a project or goal sought after, and we reach out in anticipation and help with all our being.

How can we look at our school with apathetic eyes? This is a place not only to receive academic knowledge and spiritual training but somewhere we meet socially, enjoy binding friendships and experience unforgettable events. McAuley is the core of our adolescent life and if we participate freely in its activities, we shall gain a happiness which is ever present, waiting for us to grasp and hold tightly.

Some anonymous but truly wise person once said that "Life is what you make of it." This, too, applies to your school life and the more you give of yourself and your efforts, the more you will receive in return. Granted, not always material benefits, but better still, that certain feeling within you of accomplishment and happiness felt after a job well done, victory or honor to your school. True, not all of us can be Rembrandts, Hemingways or talented individuals, but each one of us has a place in after school life, a niche to be filled to the best of our ability. Won't you think about this? Won't you search for your niche in McAuley's "after school world"?

Marjorie Kane, Feature Editor

HIGHLIGHTS

Sincere thanks to the interior decorators and their supervisors, the Senior Officials for achieving the effect of a stirring "Winter Wonderland" on a very placid gymnasium. The frosty scene, devoid of any physical chills, will warm the hearts of the grateful seniors for many years to come.

Just a short note from all of McAuley's Poes, Benchleys, and O. Henrys who entered the Short Story Contest. We couldn't all win but it was sure worth trying! Thanks for making it possible.

HURRAH! The pictures are in, articles written and every last caption phrased. Yes! The 1960 Year Book will be off to press as of February 20. May we take this opportunity to thank Sister Mary Fabian, Sister Mary Claver and the entire staff for time and effort given to make our past Year Books so outstanding, with a note of confidence that this

year's will once again tower in perfection.

"Roll up your sleeves, girls, fasten your bibs and get ready for a real Italian dinner sponsored by the Alumnae Association." The feast was held in our own gym on Jan. 31. Joe Fiore's father, Mr. Anthony Fiore, was the head waiter, the owner of his own Italian restaurant. We were assured that Alka-Seltzer need not be on hand. But remember those diets.

The "sound of music" in McAuley is often due to the musical talents of a certain 4B1 senior, Mary Fitzgerald. We, her audience, would now like to applaud her excellent performance publicly, as our little Trapp protege.

"Chop, Chop, Chop to the Cherry Chop Hop," was the exuberant invitation of the Cheerleaders, made into a cheer, to attend their annual dance held on February 19.

LETTERS to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Do you think that sleeping in study is legal?

A Snoozer

Sorry, Sleepy Time Gal, but according to the school code, only studying is permitted.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Why can't McAuley have gym a few times a week instead of only once?

Frantic Figure-Frustrated Freshman

Aren't you s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g the point?

* * *

Dear Editor:

We enjoy the book reviews very much. How about a review on a popular television program?

The Four Freshmen

Look for it in the future!

* * *

Dear Editor:

Do you think it possible that in the near future individual classes will be able to obtain permission to go on day outings, for instance, once a month?

Nature Lover

This is not probable since it is feared that a monthly outing may become a daily routing.

* * *

Dear Editor:

When are we going to have another book exhibit?

A Book Worm

Shh!

* * *

Dear Editor:

Could we please have oranges instead of bananas for the retreat breakfast—just once?

Citrus

We prefer to stick with the long thin look.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank Sister Mary Fabian for starting the new Science Club. I think it's the greatest!

Scientifically Inclined

We agree—but our olfactories don't.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Why is it that the Juniors have to pass through the cafeteria to the gym to go to the shower lockers at lunch time?

A Weary Junior

We thought a change of scenery might be invigorating.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Why can't we have a swimming pool?

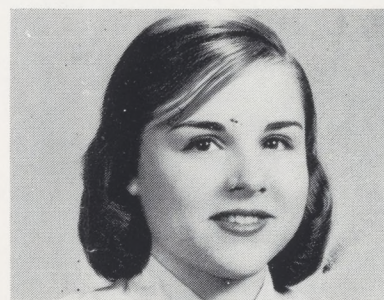
Bubbles

Our uniforms aren't waterproof.

A City Girl's Wish

By Mary Louise Peacock

Where are the days men used to know,
The days of yesteryear,
When winter's trademark—a blanket of snow,
Was seen both far and near?
When children's faces were gleamy bright,
As they sped o'er icy lakes,
Or slid down a hill in sudden flight,
To escape some hand-shaped flakes!
I dream of carriage, horse and sled,
Upon a country lane,
Children, snowmen and berries red,
But fancies are not the same!
I long to see a window with frosted glassy panes,
A snowed-in roof, with chimney bare and frozen weather vanes!
Ice-skating, sledding, skiing and other winter sports,
But winter days are passed and gone,
Our time is much too short!
I'll continue to build my castles,
And picture snowy lanes,
'Cause I'm a city girl you know,
And all I see is . . . Rain!



No Time for Love

By Rosalie Wisniewski

Run! Hide! Starve! These fearful words rule my life. They are constant in their struggle to dominate my horrified mind. I am a Hungarian fleeing from the Communists. My every thought is

one of fear, one of survival, one of utter desolation. I have no time for rest, no time for love. I keep company with the wind and rain; my only bed, the cold, damp earth, my only friend the sun, the sun that warms my chilled bones to the marrow, the sun that recalls the glow of yesteryear, recalls the gay laughter of my children, the bright smile of my dear Maria. They are gone, but I must live on to bring the world my story, the injustices of the Red regime.

One bleak morning, I started my long trek onward, out into that vast beyond. There lay the border, lay the freedom that my soul has longed for, lived for, and, I fear will die for.

The fog covered my form, blending me with the damp surroundings. I walked between the shadows with cat-like agility. And yet somehow they heard me. Maybe it's a sixth sense with these red devils; their senses are stronger than those of a bloodhound. I was trapped like an animal, with no place to turn. My paralyzing fear was soon replaced by a most urgent desire to run, to where I didn't know, but I ran just the same. Dear God, where shall I run to? God! I haven't said that word in so long, I've forgotten what peace it brings. All these years and I still know You. You'll help me, I know You will help me—my dear God, help me please.

Run! How ironic! That's what I've done for years. Can I ever stop? Run—run into this house,—house? Do my eyes deceive me? Am I delirious? No, it's real, good God, it's real; Now if they don't spot me. . .

Whew, it's much warmer in here. I'll lie on the floor until they've gone. Minutes passed like hours, hours passed like days. I finally got up enough courage to look out from a crack in the door. They went. I'll never know how they missed me.

One match left; if it works—there, the candle is lit. What a poor humble shack, yet to me it looked like a castle. Its cracked walls and ceiling appeared to be covered with fine paintings and tapestries. The burlap bag that covered me felt like the softest silken coverlet. Ah yes, the old hearth was ablaze with the joys of the Christmas season, and the cobwebs weave the delicate pattern of Chantilly lace. An old, mouldy crust of bread tasted like a fine banquet, fit for a king. I remembered—yes, there was a king that feasted on bread, Christ the King.

Did I ever dream that I'd be spending a night in such a fine place with my Lord, and my family as guests? You are all looking fine, especially you, my dear Maria, you still blush like a child, my dear, but how it becomes you. Most people would call me mad, but I see you all, I know you're here.

My dearest Lord, don't make me suffer any longer. The world will know my story, for it will rise from the very hearts and throats of a suppressed people. But I am old and tired and weak. Please, dear Lord, again I beg your aid.

I no longer run, starve, hide or fear. I have joined my loved ones, I have met my God, I have left this world of trial and tribulation. I sleep the sleep of peace—the door has closed behind.

MacAuleyans Graduate from Catholic Institute of the Press



Father Kelleher congratulates L. Bishop (R.) M. Regan and P. Donnelly at C.I.P. graduation.

By Marie Regan

After the completion of a seven week journalistic course sponsored by the Catholic Institute of the Press, eight jubilant McAuleyans emerged from Cathedral High School in Manhattan with diplomas clasped in their hands.

Mr. William Gilmartin, Director of the School, and reporter for the "New York Mirror," began the commencement exercises by recalling the lectures given by such well-known newsmen as Nick Kenny of the New York Mirror, Bob Considine of the New York Journal-American, Kevin Kennedy of WPIX, and Sgt. Tom Connors of SPring 7-1000.

At the conclusion of Mr. Gilmartin's summary, he introduced the main speaker of the evening, Rev. James Keller, Director of the Christopher Movement. In addition to his television appearances in behalf of the Christophers, Father has written books, one of which is the popular, **You Can Change the World**. He told the group that through their writings they can actually change the world.

Following Father Keller's address, diplomas were distributed to the instructors who in turn gave them to the students.

The Press Club members who attended this course wish to thank Mother Mary Eustace for affording us this educational opportunity.

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A. Russo
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May I Quote You?

QUESTION: What is your idea of the ideal Senior?

ANSWERS

One with a large vocabulary, excluding the word "detention".

—Webster

One who can't write (a demerit slip, that is)

—Letter-happy McAuleyan

One with a dead hearing aid.

—A Certain Junior

One without a demerit pad.

—Mr. Blue

One who gives the "beat" but lays off with the "heat".

—Real hip

ME!!!!

—A Senior

Tall, dark, handsome, and male!

—Interested

One who **doesn't** wear perfume.

—Miss Olfactory

One who is afraid of underclassmen.

—An underclassman

One who doesn't hear the 2nd bell (along with the rest of us).

—Slightly Deaf

One who "rolls and rocks" and puts money in the old juke box.

—Nickel Crazy

What is a McAuleyan!

By Pat Donnelly

Between the Foster Avenue staircase and the Avenue D staircase, there exists that enigmatic creature called a McAuleyan.

McAuleyans come in assorted sizes, shapes and weights, but only one gender. (Worse luck!) They are found everywhere; in the gym, the cafeteria, Von Dohlen's and, in the summer, at Manhattan Beach. Augustinities love them; the Sisters tolerate them; and their parents adore them.

A McAuleyan is tranquility screaming her lungs out at a basketball game; neatness with ink on her nose; and maturity playing jump-rope in the gym. She possesses the slyness of a fox, especially when explaining why she didn't do her homework; the nimbleness of a kitten, a prerequisite for attending gym classes; the appetite of a voracious lion at all hours of the day and night; and the piousness of a saint.

McAuleyans like: all holidays, especially unexpected ones; the Boat Ride; winning basketball games; Ring Day; Prom Night; boys from St. Augustine's, Brooklyn Prep, Trinity, St. John's and, All college men.

They don't particularly care for: report cards; surprise tests; losing basketball games; doing their homework; summer school; P.T.A. night; bananas during Retreat; detention; and All student councilors.

No one else can cram into one medium-sized pocketbook three notebooks, seven tubes of lipstick, an autographed picture of Fabian, four letters without stamps, four stamps, three combs, one with all its teeth, old candy wrappers, ten cents in pennies, and 235 bobby pins.

And no one but the McAuleyan is the prettiest, the wittiest, the brightest, best all 'round high school girl we know. Ask any McAuleyan, she'll tell you!



The Hangman's Noose

By Marilyn Wasal

Pages of the calendar turn slowly, stopping at March 21, 1350. The scene is a small English settlement called County Village.

The soft drizzle patted the earth, yet, it seemed to hit the lynching post, that stood angrily in Sir

Humphrey's courtyard. The day was dismal for a man's unjust ending was about to begin. Two burly guards accompanied an aged man to his fate. The nature of the crime was known only to a few; nevertheless, some thought that there was no crime, the penalty — death.

As Jeffery O'Connor mounted the steps to his doom, his deep blue eyes searched the crowd hoping to find someone who would reveal his innocence. But alas, no voice came to his aid. As they placed the rope around his neck, he gasped out in anguish, "I'll get even with you."

The pages turn more slowly this time. They stop at March 21, 1380—the place, the same County Village in an early Spring night rain.

Through the wide white doors of Sir Humphrey's mansion, around the spiral staircase was the huge door of the tower room. From inside, the nervous tapping of feet against the cold concrete floor broke the silence. Peering through, all that was to be seen was a plump man writing the happenings of the day. The lines on his face showed the frustration which he had been through, yet, he enjoyed the pleasures of a king. This personage is Sir Humphrey, aged a bit, but not changed since the time of the dreadful fate of Jeffery.

Perhaps the thought of O'Connor and his arrest, made him pace the floor in a senseless frenzy. Suddenly, the shutters opened, a gush of rain fell upon the rug, hurriedly Humphrey moved to the window. With all his strength he tried closing it, but something was forcing it downward; finally it was closed. The room was warm, yet, now, it seemed inhabited by another. Humphrey's eyes roved up and down, into all the corners. The search yielded nothing! Still the feeling was there — that feeling of someone else's presence. Then he saw it, — a shadow, nay, it was a man. He couldn't quite make out the face, but it looked like Jeffery. It couldn't be. He was dead — dead for ten years now. Instantly he moved forward, trembling, advanced by an unseen force. The hands of his visitor started to rise until they closed around his neck. They did not tighten, but stayed there waiting. Drops of sweat poured down Humphrey's face. Sir Humphrey waited in terror for the hands of the ethereal being to change their position. All the years, filled with dishonesty and graft, raced through his mind. He could think only of his death. Suddenly, the room was spinning about him — chairs, tables, books, seem to tumble on him.

It was sunny when they found him there, with that look of fear on his face. All the windows were shut, the door locked and a puddle of rain near his body. Since the servants were the first to enter, no other human being could have preceded them. A paper acquitting

(Continued on Page 4)

Ham Sandwich

- HAM — — —
- HAM — — —
- HAM — — —
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- HAM — — —
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- HAM — — —
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- HAM — — —
- 1. A place where butchers kill animals
- 2. River in England
- 3. Utter disgrace
- 4. To cleanse by rubbing
- 5. National emblem of Ireland
- 6. Bubbling drink
- 7. Suite of rooms for office
- 8. Victor in open contest
- 9. Variety of gingham
- 10. Mountain antelope of Europe

(Answers on Page 4)

Aromarama

By Dorothy De Sena

Many people were amazed, amused and bewildered when the Motion Picture Industry announced the coming of a new projection called AROMARAMA. It is the latest addition to motion pictures. First there were silent movies, next "talkies," and then color was added to the screen. The Cinerama, Cinemascope and Stereo followed. Now comes AROMARAMA which simply means that you are able to sniff everything that is presented on the screen.

The picture, "Behind the Great Wall," takes us on a tour of China, with its lotus blossoms, rice paddies and floods. In a garden, you can actually scent the flowers and in the harbor, the odor of fish is apparent. Yes, you can really smell AROMARAMA. At least, you can almost smell it. It has but one drawback. Throughout the picture there is a very strong fragrance similar to a cheap perfume. Every scent brought forth on the screen is barely detectable due to this constant and very pungent essence. Aside from this, however, the picture was delightful.

For all those interested, AROMARAMA can be seen at the very new and beautiful De Mille Theatre, located at Broadway and 47th Street, in New York City. It will be a wonderful and definitely different entertainment, we assure you.

Tune Twitters

By Elaine Doyle

Do Re Me: Sister Mary Esther's famous words.

Why: can't McAuley have escalators.

Be My Guest: at the Senior Prom.

El Paso: Irish folk song.

Not One Minute More: may you talk after the second bell.

Just Molly and Me: and a few hundred more people at McAuley's dances.

Heartaches By the Number: when everybody forgets to pay their tuition.

Teach Me Tonight: how I can learn without studying.

It's Time to Cry: because I forgot to do my history homework.

Believe Me: I did polish my shoes but there was a big crowd in the bus this morning.

Wh! Oh!: I forgot my gym suit again.

In the Mood: for a few months vacation.

I Thank The Moon: for being so bright on the night of the Senior dance.

You Were Mine: until you found out that I was only a Freshman.

We Got Love: and why not?

Hound Dog Man: a beatnik's idol.

The Angels Listened In: so I finally passed all my exams.

Don't Take the Stars From the Sky: says a senior on her way home from the Senior Dance.

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans: is where I'm going if I don't pass my exams.

God Bless America: and an extra thanks for McAuley too.

My Heritage

Each child, no matter how rich or poor, is born to a heritage. Some are born to untold wealth, some to a glorious talent, and some to the purple robes of royalty. Consider my heritage — my mother's footsteps.

Mother likes to consider herself quite proper and stately, However, Mother is short, cute, redhead and prone to every facetious mishap that can befall a human.

At family gatherings you hear stories of thrilling adventure and daring. Ours usually begin with the story of how Mom got locked in St. John's Cemetery! Not relishing the idea of spending the night with her departed ancestors, she raised her quivering voice. Her pleas fell on old tombstones and fresh mounds. No knight in shining armor appeared, so Mom eyed the ten foot gate, wrapped her skirt around her and scaled the fence like a mountain goat.

They never omit the tale of how our darling Mother, trying to make a grand entrance on the night of her prom, regally swept up the stairs of the Ritz-Carlton and fell flat on her royal face. She gave a repeat performance on her wedding day — dear Dad, poor Dad . . .

A little more in the way of trouble was in store for Dad when one night he innocently and, (I might add), unsuspectingly took Mom to the movies. Laden with goodies of all sorts, Dad escorted his "sweetie" up what seemed to be 3000 steps to their seats. At this point Mom decided to make herself at home. Off came the coat, hat, gloves and — shoes! The night went smoothly until Dad took that fatal step. He said, "Let's go home." The search was on. Where were those shoes? But a gentleman to the core, Dad hoisted Mom in his arms, and carried her — all the way home.

Her latest escapade was a real dilly. Two summers ago, we toured New England. One of the points of interest on our itinerary was a beautiful mountain retreat nestled in the heart of New Hampshire. Armed with a tankful of gas, a brand new road map and an urge to explore, we sallied forth to "conquer" the famed Flumes. Upward and onward we climbed, with Dad reassuring us all the time that it was only a few more yards to the top for at least 1,000 feet. Finally, we hit the tree laden, bush bordered summit. Mom, at this point, was looking in six different directions at one time for anything that might resemble a snake, a catapillar or worm. All of a sudden, Mom emitted a scream designed to chill the blood of a Comanche, then as tho' seven devils possessed her, she ran down the path ripping off her blouse. Care to venture a guess? Yep, a small chignon comb fell down her back and started that Jesse Owen sprint down the mountainside.

Just between you and me though, I know that Dad would "bust his buttons" with pride if I, his "other girl," would turn out just one-half as great as Mom did.

So you see, I don't have jewels or royal blood or even a hint of a talent to inherit. My heritage is **my Mom**, and her affinity for trouble.

Dreams Can Come True



J. Jermyn

By Kathleen Culley

Have you ever imagined what it would be like to wake up one day and suddenly find yourself discovered? Surely you've rehearsed the scene at some time — the crush of admirers, the excitement of being the center of attraction and even envious glances from your colleagues at school. In one breathless step you're everything you want to be — in dreams.

Now, bring yourself back to reality. Ask yourself, "What" is it that I can improve on? It is quite probable that the answer to this question is your hair style. The expression that a woman's hair is her "crown and glory" is very true. It is an asset that every woman possesses; it comes in various colors and textures. It grows to enhance the beauty of each individual. If you were to misuse this possession in any way, the results would be harmful to your appearance.

There is no specific rule in guiding you to the perfect hair style, but a good way to arrive at the correct one is by judging the shape of your face. Basically there are three main categories into which any girl is placed — the oval, the round, and the long face.

The girl with the oval shaped face will look well in almost any hair style. She is the girl who looks best in the French roll, short, wavy hair, or the casual over curl that is becoming so popular today. Since bangs are in style more than ever before, why not try a side bang for a change? One hundred brush strokes a night will insure bright highlights and a few drops of your favorite perfume in the water after each shampoo will insure your self-confidence at all times.

The girl with the round face must be more careful in choosing a suitable hair style. Very often she has a low forehead. If she were to wear bangs the result would be disastrous — her forehead would appear even lower. A fluffy style is recommended. If she were to pull her hair back or wear it straight, it would increase the roundness of her face. Soft curls about the ears will bring attention to the eyes.

The girl with the long face has her problem in reverse. Shining bangs will hide the length of a high forehead while straight hair with a slight upturn at the ends will counter-balance length. Beware of a fluffy or rounded pageboy. It decreases the width of the face, making it appear even longer than it actually is.

Principal's List

97%
Marie Peschka

96%
Margaret Courtney
Elizabeth Savino
Geraldine Smith, 3B2

95%
Eileen Albanese
Mary Catti
Mariella Crisci
Ruthann Donahue
Elizabeth Tuomey

94%
Palma Caldari
Ann Ellen Heenan
Lorraine Krywda
Kathleen McQuode
Ann Marie Montalto
Mary Ann Tesar
Barbara Zupo

93%
Carol Ambrose
Mary Ann Bagdonas
Camille Caliendo
Ann Marie Cancelliere
Lorraine Canguisha
Mary Cerovola
Ann Dennell
Eileen Foster
Dianna Martinez
Mary Ann McGrath
Janet Short
Dolores Walsh
Linda Weber

92%
Julia Angotti
Patricia Cerovola
Elizabeth Cullen
Janet Desfosse
Patricia Matecki
Mary Rhatigan
Lorraine Rivero
Carol Sawicki
Barbara Zabiski

91%
Michele Basso
Dolores Binkowski
Diane Brennan
Catherine Cyrgalis
Patricia Geer
Lydia Guarisco
Rene Hansen
Gayle Nittoly
Mary Ellen Keeling
Catherine Osmers
Patricia Purcell
Eloise von Petzold

90%
Patricia Daddino
Ann Marie Dellano
Barbara Durnin
Patricia Faracy
Diane Mardeney
Antoinette Pensabene
Maureen Regan
Jeanette Salitter
Rosemarie Spinelli

Honor Roll

FOURTH YEAR

Diane Baker
Barbara Barker
Paula Bavasso
Cecilia Bisang
Margaret Duffy

Joan Filby
Mary Fitzgerald
Regina Hands
Mary Ann Inghilterra
Jacqueline Jermyn

Elivira Manzi
Judith Osborn
Katherine Pankow
Irene Rath
Eleanor Scully

THIRD YEAR

Jean Alesi
Marion Brecca
Lenora Brock
Kathryn Carpenter
Mary Ann Caputo
Virginia Conroy
Colleen DePaola
Teresa De Vito

Lynne Doddato
Patricia Donnelly
Patricia Felcetto
Marie Ferrante
Anne Marie Foran
Mary Howard
Mary McGlynn
Irene Miller

Catherine Mulheir
Anne Palony
Marie Sanchez
Susan Sinclair
Janice Sisk
Kathleen Smith
Mary Ellen Stawiry
Eileen White

SECOND YEAR

Barbara Bates
Vita Bellafiore
Mary Ann Ciardullo
Margaret D'Addone
Theresa Esposito
Linda Etheridge
Grace Flynn
Maureen Garry
Jeannette Graziano
Robertta Hammer

Patricia Higgins
Katherine Hines
Clare Kelly
Joan Lodato
Eileen McKenna
Linda Menake
Barbara Murray
Mary Jane Obydyke
Camille Peraino

Lorraine Petito
Marie Pisano
Antoinette Sancis
Marie Scotto
Theresa Smith
Suzanne Tesar
Elizabeth Tuorto
Nancy Waloski
Linda Wojcik

FIRST YEAR

Suzanne Abbott
Mary Anne Albasini
Ann Allisan
Marie Amatuzzo
Marie Andrews
Idria Barane
Nancy Ann Bananno
Lorraine Benasillo
Katherine Berezawski
Rosemary Brossant
Virginia Burns
Leonora Cacciatane

Katherine Canlan
Ann Crawley
Marie D'Amato
Patricia Doyle
Mary Ellen Dubiel
Linda Eagar
Patricia Frasciello
Angela Giammalvo
Deborah Hains
Helen Hanley
Maureen Meehan

Linda Morley
Barbara Myer
Catherine Reilly
Mary Roberts
Jean Ann Roddin
Jean Roehn
Annette Rossane
Joan Smith
Anne Spano
Claire Straus
Barbara Vaskis

Thoughts on the New Year

By Geraldine Esposito

The new year rolls around once more,
And with it fun and laughter
For now we make those promises
We'll never keep hereafter;
No one can tell nor even guess
Just what the new year holds,
It's up to us to live our lives
And take what fate unfolds;
It may bring grueling hardship,
It may bring pain or debt,
But if we suffer all for good,
We'll never know regret;
For if a day is past and gone
But we have lived it right,
Our knowledge of this well done deed
Will make our outlook bright;
And with this thought in mind,
It might be wise to promise,
To take a stronger stand in life,
As the new year comes upon us.

Winterset

The swartheness of the beach brought a flash of pain into my heart as I stood on the calcimine shore. The warm breezes that only a few months before had felt soothing upon my face now stung and bit into me with the intense force of a lion devouring its prey. A once smiling, azure sky was now a blanket covering the heavens with a vision of obscurity.

On this particular night they were reduced to indigent ripples. The warmth of a fraternal sun had brought youthful lads hungrily to the sunbaked sands only a while ago. But now a stolid moon sneered upon the frost-covered beach.

What terrorist, what oppressor had so transformed my whimsical creation into a nightmare? My answer, of course, was the entailed in perfecting the cheers which help to spur our team to

Book Provokes Controversy

By Marjorie Kane

"The Ugly American," written by William Lederer and Eugene Burdick, strikes you boldly. It hits you squarely in the face and you literally wake-up and realize the blunders of your government and its officials in foreign lands. This is a book about people. Humans enmeshed in a land of turmoil which is the Far East today.

It is the story of an heroic Catholic priest in the sweltering jungles of Burma, waging a silent war against constant opposition of ruthless Communists; it tells of one ugly engineer in the village of Chang 'Dong who transformed arid, unproductive hills into rich paddies. We meet officials like Ambassador Sears, refusing to learn the language of the country to which he is assigned, caring little for its culture and less for its representatives. People making little mistakes which when added together spell DISASTER! On the other hand, we meet Russian men like Louis Krupitzyn and his officials, well experienced in the role of foreign affairs. All these are the people who determine the status of the Far East in future years. Can we but wait the results?

You might ask yourself why the prestige of the U.S. has steadily lessened in recent years. Perhaps we have forgotten our own past, instead of remembering it was for the search of dignity and freedom we too began as a nation.

One thing is sure. We must wake up to the need for well trained, ethical men to carry on our affairs. We cannot make more mistakes or we shall find ourselves fighting with hydrogen bombs rather than CARE packages.

If all we are willing to give is money, we might as well retreat to our native shores and build a wall as high as the great unknown, and let the weaker countries be massacred by the bloody Communist sickle.

This we could do, or there is one other answer. We COULD, as this pertinent book points out, show that America still represents the precious ideals of freedom, hope, and knowledge. In that way we cannot lose the struggle, for then shall we become the "SPLENDID AMERICANS."

McAuley's 'Lucky Thirteen'



By Ann Ellen Heenan

"Thirteen" very good reasons why we McAuleyans are not superstitious are our "thirteen" Cheerleaders. Far from unlucky are our able squad, at least when it comes to stirring up the spirit of the Team and the School. For when both the score and the morale of McAuley is rather low, nothing helps more than a lively, spirited cheer from our ever-confident, never-failing thirteen McAuleyans in the conspicuous maroon and gold flouncy outfits.

Although much practice is entailed in perfecting the cheers which help to spur our team to

Cagers Conquer Bonnies



Carole Dolan and Ginnie McKenna work quickly to boost the score.

By Eileen Foster

From the sound of the opening whistle, the McAuley-Fontbonne basketball game of December 18 was a spirited example of good sportsmanship.

In the annals of McAuley's Cagers, the Fontbonne games have always proved to be the high points of the season, and this year proved no exception. The first quarter found both teams at the peaks of their defensive and offensive abilities. Nevertheless, Fontbonne gained a slight edge over McAuley during the first eight minutes of play. However, Fontbonne evidently missed the swiftness of their last year's captain, Nancy Schwartz, for by the half, McAuley had not only caught up, but had gained a seven point lead. The scoreboard read 20-13, as the cheerleaders took over to spur their respective teams on to greater efforts.

Fontbonne fared no better in the second half, even though her star forwards, Jane Lillis and Martha Rock, amassed thirteen points each. They were no match for McAuley's captain, Barbara Costello, who scored fifteen, aided and boosted by Patricia Kelly, Carole Dolan and Virginia McKenna. McAuley's nimble guards did such an excellent job that Fontbonne could not gain on the seven point lead.

McAuley's cheering squad was resplendent in the familiar maroon and gold. Their Fontbonne counterparts sported jaunty new outfits of blue corduroy jumpers with white man-tailored blouses. Fans from both schools backed up their cheerleaders with vociferous encouragement.

So, at the final whistle, the score stood at 35-28, in favor of McAuley. The jubilant McAuleyans swarmed onto the court to congratulate the Varsity, and loyal "Bonnies" gave the dire prediction, "Wait 'til Next Time!"

Senior Enters Homemaking Finals

Each year the General Mills Corporation sponsors a competition to find the Betty Crocker Homemaker of Tomorrow. Winning this year's honors was Carole Ann Sawicki of 4B4, who placed highest among the McAuley seniors who took part.

As McAuley's best, Carole's examination paper will be submitted for competition with other high school winners to name the state Homemaker of Tomorrow. She will also receive an award pin in recognition of her achievement.

Each state winner will receive a \$1,500 scholarship and an educational tour, including New York and Colonial Williamsburg, and culminating with the American Table Banquet in Washington, D.C., on April 28, where the All-American Homemaker will be announced. The runner-up in each state receives a \$500 scholarship grant.

The scholarship of the All-American Homemaker of Tomorrow will be increased to \$5,000, with the second, third and fourth ranking girls receiving \$4,000, \$3,000 and \$2,000, respectively.

The Hangman's Noose

(Continued from Page 3)

Jeffery O'Connor of his deed was found floating in the pool of water.

Why was the paper found there? Did Sir Humphrey have a qualm of conscience or did the unknown person, the one, who had caused the small irregular puddle, have a hand in this action?

You decide! Remember, that those who put the innocent to death, will, by the innocent die.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

SHAMBLE
THAMES
SHAME
SHAMPOO
SHAMROCK
CHAMPAGNE
CHAMBER
CHAMPION
CHAMBRAY
CHAMOIS